

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

•DISCE•QVASI•SEMPER•VICTVRVS• •VIVE•QVASI•CRAS•MORITVRVS•
R-X-7

VOL. XXIX.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 7, 1895.

No. 14.

Song-Rimes.

NO more the oriole whistles
Along the greening grain,
Yester summer's closes
Forgetful are of roses;
Sere leaves hush through the rain,
Dead leaves drift through the rain.

The year is at November—
Did blossoms ever blow?
Yet we two one time together,
In April's gray-gold weather,
Wept for beauty of a snow,
Of that comely blewet-snow.

Now one no more together,
Now parted are our ways;
The Spring made but a dreaming
Since Love was only seeming—
Dead leaves hush through the haze,
Sere leaves sink through the haze.

* * *

"The Old Hydra Again."

FRANCIS E. EYANSON, '96.

The field of knowledge is too vast to render it possible for each one to make a complete study of history, and thus become proficient in this as well as in the other arts and sciences. Indeed, the study of mankind itself is immense; but what has made history more complicated for those who can hope but for a passing knowledge of it, is the manner in which too many historians have handed down the records. Instead of relating facts pure and simple, they group about them exaggerations and fanciful stories, so that the student in his own private research is often disgusted to find under a historical title a dissertation on religious intol-

erance, or a formal invective against some particular creed. The schoolboy is content to learn the events as they are set down before him; but as he advances in his work a double task presents itself: he finds that, besides the storing up in his mind of past incidents, there is the task of separating truth from falsehood. What at one time was accepted as correct is now found to be incorrect; and if he desires to assume the title of a cultured man, he must be able to point out the mistakes. Though history, no doubt, will ever, as it has in the past, contain misrepresentations, and the broadening of learning will limit more and more the individual to particular branches, still, the student will find it necessary to question the authenticity of many stories touching those topics which have been the subject of considerable controversy at different periods.

At the present time there are many who, when reminded of the affair of Galileo, either hold up their hands in horror, or are willing to dismiss it as a deplorable fact. A little investigation, however, shows that the great scientist, instead of being unjustly tortured for his discoveries, was highly honored. So it is, in part at least, with Pope Alexander VI., whom many have condemned, though they have heard but one side of the story, and that has been so grossly distorted as to make it difficult for the average student to get at the facts of the case. Not a few like topics could be enumerated, on which writers have especially let loose their imagination, seemingly for no other purpose than to bring odium upon the Church. There is one subject in particular, the Inquisition, which deserves close study, as it has been a favorite theme with prejudiced writers, who have used it as a centre of attack upon the Papacy.

It must be remembered that the idea of punishment during the period in which the Inquisition existed, was quite different from that which is held by Christians at the present time. Laws were more severe, and capital punishment, at even a comparatively recent date, was visited on what would now be considered a slight offence. Everyone has heard of the game-laws of England, or the Blue Laws of our own Connecticut. Whatever may have been the manner in which heresy was considered before the Christian era, it is known that the Manicheans were openly chastised by Diocletian and Maximilian in the latter part of the third century. At that time, and, in fact, until shortly after the Reformation, heresy was an offence against the state as well as against religion, and it was punished by the civil authorities. Here arises a point which is very frequently overlooked. In the supposition that a state feels absolutely certain that it alone possesses the true religion, and from the very existence of a true religion, the conclusion follows that all other religions are false or injurious; then, to be consistent, such a state is obliged to punish heretics. This doctrine is looked upon as antiquated to-day; but it is merely the honest following out of a conviction to its end. Heresy is a crime, no matter how it is viewed. To say that one form of Christianity is as good as another, and that man has a right to take up as he pleases any opposing doctrine as the truth, is more than an absurdity. There is but one right Church of Christ, and not one hundred right churches, all teaching doctrines diametrically opposite.

Christ founded one Church, or His words in the New Testament are false. If this church is the Presbyterian church, then the Presbyterian church, when it can prevent heresy is obliged to do so. If Calvin was in good faith he had a right to punish Servetus. In modern society, where heresy and truth exist side by side, it is impossible or inexpedient to punish heresy; but supposing truth is one, then toleration, as a theory, is not consistent, however beautiful it be in practice. By heresy, here, is meant heresy in bad faith, or formal heresy, not material heresy, or heresy in good faith. The mediæval civil magistrates contended that the heretics in their states were not in good faith, hence their severity in defending the uncontaminated from the spread of pernicious doctrines. The entire Inquisition discussion does not hinge on cruelty, but on the question, has every man, wise or foolish, a right to twist his own interpretation

out of the Bible? If he has, the Inquisition was wrong, even if it had never actually punished anyone. If he has no such right the Inquisition was justifiable—the cruelty, judged by our standard, was an accident of the civilization of the time, and has nothing to do with the main question at issue.

Not, however, until the twelfth century was there anything like definite measures taken for the prosecution of Inquisitorial work. At the Council of Verona, held in 1184, Pope Lucius III. and Frederic I. adopted plans by which bishops were to look after the offenders, bring them to trial and fix the penalty. Later on, owing to the spread of heretical teachings, Innocent III. found it necessary to give these decisions new force. Alzog, in his *Universal Church History* (Chapter 2, section 283), has quoted the instruction given to inquisitors by the Fourth Council of Lateran, 1215:

"The accused shall be informed as to the charges preferred against him, that an opportunity may be given him of defending himself. His accusers shall be made known to him, and he himself shall have a hearing before his judges. Bishops shall either personally or through their representatives make the circuit of their dioceses twice yearly, if possible, but once certainly; they shall appoint two or three laymen of integrity who shall be bound by oath to seek out heretics; they may also commit this office to the whole people of a district (*inquisitores, inquisito*), who shall also be bound by oath to look up and denounce heretics."

In the same chapter, in a foot-note, the author has set forth more fully the rules governing officials: "Chapter eight provides that in order to avoid the consequences of unjust or slanderous accusations, the arraigned shall not suffer punishment until he has been examined by either the bishop or his appointed delegate, and declared to be guilty of heresy." Notwithstanding these regulations, the Roman Pontiffs have been accused of indifference, and authors unhesitatingly intimate that the Church left the matter of trial and punishment to the discretion of the examiners. Though the right of presiding at these tribunals was confined solely to bishops, there were instances, as there are at the present time, when unprincipled politicians crept into the office, and carried on their contemptible practices. No one can reasonably condemn an entire organization simply because one member has stepped beyond bounds, or, in carrying out some personal revenge, committed shameful deeds.

In 1229, the rapid growth of the Albigenses, and the memory of their past crimes, had aroused such fear that the inquisitorial office was made a permanent thing by the Synod of Toulouse in the reign of Gregory IX. Thus it received a definite organization, though it still remained an episcopal tribunal. Later on, in order that it might be rendered an effectual institution, the Pope, Innocent IV., placed it under the supervision of the Dominicans. By reason of this duty imposed upon them, the followers of St. Dominic have been the object of many false accusations and odious remarks. But the severity of the punishment inflicted upon the convicted one cannot be entirely charged to them. In the same chapter as that before mentioned, Alzog says: "Hence, once a person indicted for heresy had been found guilty, he was handed over to *the civil* authority for punishment, with, however, the invariable prayer that 'he might be spared, and not condemned to death.' As has already been observed, princes of very different character, such as Emperor Frederic VII., Raymond VII., the Count of Toulouse and Louis IX. of France, enforced the inquisitorial laws with extreme severity, enjoining their faithful execution upon the magistracy."

This period of the Inquisition, which is generally known as the Ancient, had not as yet been universally established in any one country. It was established only when danger lurked in Rome, Aragon and several other places, and its existence was of very short duration. It is, however, the later period of the Inquisition, particularly that instituted in Spain, and generally known as the Spanish Inquisition, which has been given the most attention, and is especially the one most commented upon by hostile writers. "The Ancient Inquisition," as it is termed, bore the same odious peculiarities in its leading features as the modern, the same impenetrable secrecy in its proceedings, the same insidious modes of accusation, a similiar use of torture, and similiar penalties for the offenders." (Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, Vol. I., chap. viii.) From this remark one is led to believe that there was little hope for any person when once suspected. But there is much to be doubted here. In opposition to this, Fredet, in his text-book of Modern History in a note (page 405), remarks: "Thus," as Count de Maistre observes (letter II), "it is by no means true that the most trifling charge was sufficient to cause a man to be arrested; that the accused remained unacquainted with the reasons of his

confinement, and was not allowed the privilege of a lawyer to defend his cause."

In the middle of the fifteenth century the Jews had risen to considerable prominence in the Spanish kingdom. Many of them, as time passed on, professed Christianity; but it was found that they were not sincere, and, while apparently renouncing their former belief, were in their hearts opposed to the established religion, and in many cases to the government itself. Their conversion was too sudden to be genuine, and they gradually returned to their old principles (Prescott, Vol. I., chap. vii.).

Such behavior aroused the suspicion of the court, and when it was hinted that they had united with the Moors, active measures were at once taken. To destroy the power of this class, the Inquisition was rigorously instituted in Spain. Considering the terrible ordeal through which the Spanish countries had just passed, one can readily understand why the sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, were so anxious to put down anything that had the least semblance of a revolt. After years of painful struggles, the Moors were driven from the land, and now as peace dawned, there is little wonder such extreme measures were taken that it might finally be realized. That there might be no one to interfere, Ferdinand was careful to make it a state tribunal, and thus bring it under the control of the civil authorities. He himself says that it was his intention to make it independent of any spiritual jurisdiction, as the condition in Spain called for greater rigor in the punishment of heresy than that of any other crime (Darras, Vol. iii., chap. v.).

Under this impression, the Catholic sovereigns begged permission of the Pope to re-establish the Inquisition. On November 1, 1478, a bull authorizing its establishment was issued by Pope Sixtus IV., and two years later the inquisitors entered upon their duties at Seville. By reason of this sanction, Rome has been held responsible for the proceedings of the "Holy Office" in Spain. But this is an injustice, if there is any truth in the statements made by the author of an article in the *Dublin Review* of 1867:

"Scarcely had the news of the first operations of the new tribunal reached Rome, when Pope Sixtus IV. (Jan. 29, 1482) addressed a new brief to the king and queen, loudly complaining that he had not been sufficiently informed as to the nature of the powers which were sought from him, and had been betrayed into a concession which was 'at variance with the decrees of the

Holy Fathers and of his predecessors, and with the observance of the common law,' reprobating, in the strongest terms, the cruelty and rigor of the proceedings of the new inquisitors."

During the entire time that it was in existence, the Roman see often interfered, and restricted its powers. There are just reasons to suppose that had it been in the power of the Pope, the Spanish Inquisition would have soon been abolished. History shows that Sixtus IV., repeatedly implored the princes to be lenient.

A great many have been led to believe—and not a few Catholics among those—all that has been said about cold dungeons, heavy chains, and hasty trials. Llorente, who was connected with the Inquisition, but whose descriptions of it have been proved to be exaggerated, admits that much relating to the imprisonment of suspected persons is but a romantic story entirely without foundation. Truly, many suffered under those violent laws, and it is painful to think that people were subject to such severity; but that it existed in Spain as a political institution and contrary to the protests of the Pope, does not imply that writers have a right to use it as a weapon against the Church. Moreover, the fact that they have found it necessary to put forth the subject in a false light, shows their willingness to make truth subservient to false principles, instead of informing future generations. Though at times the truth may be painful, let not the historian ignore it, much less deviate from it, especially where the reputation of a person or an institution is at stake.

The Laureate of Childhood.*

RICHARD SPALDING SLEVIN, '96.

If you would ask me why I consider Eugene Field a poet I would only refer you to his life and his works, and feel confident that they will be ample proof. The recent death of Field has brought out many traits of his character, and numerous touching incidents that prove how deep a hold he has taken upon the heart of the nation. The poet of the children above all, he lived a quiet but interesting life, and his generous and manly character was only understood and appreciated by those whose good fortune it was to be reckoned in the circle of his intimate friends. It has required his death to

bring into publicity the expressions of those who knew him best. It has required his death to bring us to a full realization of what a noble character has lived among us, and what a generous and kind-hearted man has been putting forth his best exertions to make life a little more pleasant for his fellow-mortals.

We generally associate the name of Field with his poems, for it is in those "simple but heartfelt" lays that he will the longest be remembered. The reporter, the humorist, the editor—we lay all these aside, and simply turn to him as a great poet. In journalistic work we can find others much more renowned than he; for a humorist we look to some more entertaining, but for the creator of those fanciful and touching little verses, the delight of child and parent alike, we instinctively turn to him who wrote them as the sincere expression of his heart. I do not mean to belittle, Field's position as a journalist or humorist, but in these rôles he is only one of a great many whose individual places are unsettled; but Field the poet stands alone—he occupies his own peculiar place without a rival. He wrote for the child, and the success of his verses has proven that there is much of child-sentiment in each of us. Instinctively we appreciate the deep manner in which Field understood the child's heart. Unwillingly, perhaps, in our later years we find that much of this sentiment remains, and that it requires only a single verse like Field's to show that each of us is something of a philanthropist at heart.

It is almost a fact of history that there never was a man so universally loved by the children as Eugene Field. While he was still alive, instances were not wanting which proved his widespread popularity among the younger generation. From the West—which is proud to claim him as her own—and from the East, as well, come these loving tributes, more beautiful and appreciative to the poet for their very simplicity. Shortly before his death there came to Mr. Field a letter from Boston—the opinion of a little girl, who, in her sincere way, expressed her great love for the poet and his works. In its simple form it must have meant much to its receiver. It was a compliment more glorious than that which any critic could bestow upon him; it was a heartfelt and honest tribute from one who could best tell whether Field had accomplished his end; it was a criticism untainted by self-interest, so often and so skilfully used in these latter days.

Could Field have seen the grief, the universal

* Read before the Philodemic Association on "Field" night, Wednesday, December 4.

grief, that his death caused he could hardly have believed it. The many touching incidents that gave proof to the love and admiration he inspired sound more like fiction than real events in this busy world. It seems almost like a story when we hear of that little street Arab who came to what had been the home of Field during his life, but which then contained only his dead body, and asked for a last look at the face of him he had loved during life. And when we are told how the little cripple entered the room where the poet lay in death, how he gazed for an instant upon the face before him, and then stole from the room, unable to restrain his tears, we pause and wonder how any man could exert such a magnetic influence over the heart of a stranger. Perhaps he had done him some small favor during his life—it was given with a willingness and sincerity which left its impression on the heart of the child.

All these incidents only show with what universal admiration and love Field was read; for, after all, what greater proof is there that his verses possessed the elements of true poetry? He touched the hearts of those to whom his poems were addressed, and this accomplished his end. He must never be classed even among the greatest poets of our own age.

Field never aspired to writing great or soul-stirring poems. His was rather the sentiment of a young Eastern poet who once said to Harriet Monroe: "It is my hope, if I keep myself well in training, the tools of the muse's trade well oiled and sharpened, that some day, in some supreme moment of happy inspiration, I may write a song that will live. To be one of the poets that are remembered for a single song, that is the utmost I hope for, and it is enough. It is worth the labor of a lifetime."

This seems to be, in part, the sentiment of Field. True, he will not be remembered by one song alone, for he has written many, any one of which would be sufficient to keep his memory green in the hearts of those who love the beautiful. But his poems possess the true quality of those "single songs," that have served to keep fresh the names of many who chanced to write them. Field has, without a doubt, written poems that will live. Mere trifles, appealing mostly to childhood and the sentiments of childhood, they are, in their very simplicity and uniqueness, the most beautiful. To me, a great many of Field's poems possess the ring of true poetry. His "Little Boy Blue," though the best example I could choose, is by no means alone.

For Field art was of the utmost importance, and he used it most admirably in the enhancement of his poetic thought. This fire alone has, no doubt, contributed largely to the success of his poems; for, deny all things else, you must admit that the verses of Field are admirable examples of metre and rhythm. His works represent in part what he really was—a noble and generous-hearted man. It was far from him to complain of any of the little frailties of human nature that are common to all of us. It could never be said of him that he exerted a single effort to make the path of his fellow-sufferers more difficult than it really was. Far from it—it seemed his greatest pleasure to be the donor of any favor, however small, and the generous and cheerful manner in which it was given, converted a trifle to a cause for lifelong gratitude.

My Friend Morrisson.

J. GRIFFIN MOTT, '95.

The bleak November afternoon was drawing to a close, as I strolled up one of Chicago's famous boulevards. Everywhere there was evidence of Nature's homage to death, attested by each fallen leaf. The cabmen, with their close-buttoned ulsters, drove along with a look of content on their faces, anticipating a gay season, which meant to them many a well-turned dollar. On a side street, the dead walls of the city were blushing with glaring theatre posters, reminding me of a sad incident, with the extraordinary details of which I alone am acquainted. Death has long since removed the hindrance to my making public an affair which was impressive enough to change my thoughts that November day from frivolous to grave.

Many years previous to the date in which the incidents embodied in my story occurred, I had made the acquaintance of Charles Morrisson, an Englishman. He had left home when very young, yielding to the *wanderlust* so characteristic of him. He had obtained employment in the southern part of Illinois, and there had come to him forgetfulness of the ardent yearnings of his heart for his friends in England. During his unfrequent visits to Chicago, our relations grew to be very intimate; indeed it resulted in a close and lasting friendship.

Morrisson was naturally secretive; but the excellent quality of my tobacco and the cheerful aspect of my smoking-room would

often cause him to thaw out and grow entertaining. By degrees I learned the story of his life. A rebellion against parental discipline had caused him to leave England; and often, as he would grow reminiscent, thoughts of home would awaken pangs of remorse for his neglect of his mother and sister.

It was after one of his longest absences from the city that I met him again with a cordiality that was ever a mark of our friendship. After one of our quiet dinners, I induced him to accompany me to the theatre, hoping that the light and airy character of an English gaiety troupe which I had seen the previous night, would please him. I had a motive for being attracted there a second time, though for the morbidness of its nature I can plead no excuse except the inherent perversity of man.

As a consequence of the restless journeying of the life, one of the members of the company had been taken ill—a delicate girl about seventeen years of age—Lucy Granville by name. She had adopted the stage as a profession, that she might support her widowed mother, who was dependent on her. These circumstances make a part of one of those sad little dramas in real life that are enacted so repeatedly, and of which the world takes such little notice. In these real plays there are no situations, only disappointment after disappointment, with visions of want and distress, for poverty is always the motive of the plot. It was to avoid this galling cross that this courageous young English girl undertook a life that brought her prematurely to her grave.

As she lay on her bed of sickness, there was one kind friend who ministered to her wants, and the loving care of a tender mother was supplied by this gentle and compassionate associate. How refreshing it must have been for the sufferer to turn her weary eyes to that friendship, that sweet oasis, green and fertile and fruitful of joy, in the otherwise barren waste of her life. The leading lady of the company was this loving friend, but the blessed anodyne she administered with tender care availed nothing. On this very morning, the sick girl had passed away, and the fragrant roses by her bedside lived near the city dead. She had left her song half sung, to finish it beyond the scope of mortal ears in a celestial choir. Lucy, with her warmth of girlish womanhood, endowed with all gentle and feminine qualities had entwined herself around the hearts of her companions.

When the curtain rose, the members of the

company seemed to stand in an utter solitude, which would be made none the less solitary by the densest throng of human life. The sweet image of Lucy seemed to float before their eyes, and a certain mournfulness was evident during the rendition of the play, in striking contrast to the extravagant folly of the opera. The prima donna struggled, oh! how bravely, to check the sympathetic manifestations of a heart laden with sorrow. But while singing in very mockery of grief, over the mimic death of her brother, her last notes ended in a heart-breaking wail, her eyes giving vent to tears. Then followed a scene so realistically pathetic that many in the audience were moved to tears. The sight of the stage-queen and her companions amid the sheen and tinsel of the play, offering their heartfelt prayers for their departed friend affected the most indifferent of the spectators.

When the curtain fell, Morrisson, to whom the whole affair seemed inexplicable, asked me to explain the cause of it. I briefly narrated the few facts with which I was acquainted, and remembering that I had a copy of the evening paper in my overcoat jacket, containing some references to Miss Granville's past life, I handed it to him. I had hardly begun to realize the fact that the orchestra was rendering my favorite selection, when I felt my arm rudely grasped, and Morrisson hoarsely whispering: "Let's get out of this." I followed him out of the theatre scarcely daring to find in my own breast a reason for his agitation and peculiar conduct.

As we sat in the cab that was taking us to our lodgings, I felt instinctively that I was in the presence of sorrow and distress. The wan light of the street lamps without seemed but to deepen the darkness within, and with the noise of the cab, rapidly driven over the granite paved street, blended many a stifled sob of—"Oh, my sister—my sister!"

St. Francis of Assisi.

ELMER JEROME MURPHY, '97.

In the year 1182, there was born to Pietro Bernadone and his wife, Madonna Pica, a son whom they called Francis. At the birth of the child, Pietro was in France, and the mother called the boy Giovanni. But when the merchant had returned, he named the boy Francesco,

out of love for the land he had just left. At this time, the province of Italy was divided into numerous factions, and between the different cities there was very much fighting. People loved the city more than the country. On this account, Pietro Bernadone held a high place in the town of Assisi, for he had travelled much, and learned diplomacy at the courts of the barons to whom he sold his rich cloths.

Francis was looked upon as almost a nobleman's child. He was not taught much; he knew some Latin, and could speak the Provençal language, in which he used to sing songs that came from his own heart. His younger days were full of gaiety and merry-making. He spent a great deal of money, and wore costly clothes; but his father was rich, and always kept his son's purse full. Francis was the leader of the gay youth of Assisi. He was the heart of the merry band. No wonder that Madonna Pica said: "He is like the son of a prince; not like our son."

He went on in this happy life until he was twenty-five years of age, when he was taken down with a stroke of illness. During this time of sickness a wonderful change came over him. He lost his liking for the frivolity of his younger days, and began to long for something nobler than a merchant's life.

He started out as a soldier, but on his way he received a divine message which told him to go back to his birthplace, Assisi. He went among his companions once more, but he could not enter into the gay life again. One night, while Francis was contemplating nature in the moonlight, a jester said to him: "Are you thinking of a wife?" and Francis answered: "Yes, of a wife more noble, more beautiful, more rich than anything you can conceive." Some say he meant Poverty and others Religion.

So he left these companions and began to lead a life of piety in real earnest. Near his home was a little half-ruined church of St. Damian, to which he often went to pray. Once while he knelt before the crucifix he heard a voice say to him: "Why dost thou not restore my house for me?" Francis went home, and took some of his father's goods and sold them at a fair. He brought the money to the priest that the church might be repaired. This act enraged his father, and many long days of suffering resulted from it. The climax came when Francis before the court of the bishop renounced everything he had received from his father, and even took off his fine clothes and laid them in a heap, on the top of which he placed the purse

of gold. When he had done this, the people saw that he wore a hair shirt,—the favorite instrument of self-torture in those days.

This was the real beginning of his life as a saint. He put on a coarse brown robe tied at the waist with a piece of rope, and went bare-headed and bare-footed from door to door, begging scraps of food. For a length of time he wandered through the country away from his birthplace, and he tended the sick, and cared for the lepers. Then he came back to Assisi, where the people who had seen him the gay youth wondered if he had become mad. He took it to his heart to build up again the little ruined church of St. Damian; he begged for the stones, and carried them one by one to the shrine. Then the people learned to know and love him, and they helped him in his labors.

Francis went out to preach the word of God, and those who heard him were touched. Other men saw the piety and nobleness of his nature, so they, too, followed him. First there came Fra Bernardo, and after him Fra Pietro, Fra Egidio, Fra Ruffino, Fra Leo, Fra Masseo, until their number was seven, when they went out in different directions to preach. A few years after, the little house at Portiuncula became crowded and a rule was established; for hitherto the followers were not bound to each other. They were given the three great vows, the great one being absolute poverty.

The order increased with time until, a few years after its founding, there were as many as four or five thousand monks gathered together at the little hut where Francis and his followers first lived. Francis during all this time lived his pious way,—never flinching under the severe rules he had formed for himself. A second order—the Franciscan nuns—was founded, and also a third order for both men and women who felt no desire for convent life.

St. Francis was also a poet; the chants he sang to our Saviour were put in metre. Moreover, he lived and acted in poetry; his life was full of it. He loved everything because it came from God. He called the moon sister and the wind brother. The following is from the song of creatures:

"By sister moon and stars my Lord is praised,
Where clear and fair they in the heavens are raised;
By brother wind, my Lord, Thy praise is said;
By air and clouds and the blue sky o'er head,
By which Thy creatures all are kept and fed.
Praised art Thou, my Lord, by mother earth—
Thou who sustainest her and governest,
And to bear flowers, fruit, herbs, dost color give and
birth."

It is said the birds would alight upon Francis

and twitter in happiness when he was near. One day when he was addressing the people, the birds made so much noise that he could not be heard. And Francis, turning to them, bade them keep quiet, and they were still. There are many stories which show the loving nature of the saint.

Francis made a trip to Syria to convert, if possible, the Sultan. There were many years of working and suffering, but he seemed to grow more pious. Miracles were worked, and prophetic visions were opened to him. Almost worn out and weak with pain, Francis was taken to a village near Sienna to seek health; but he became no better, and in 1226 he died at his birthplace.

Then the people flocked to see him. He died on Saturday, and all that day and all that night, men, women and children came to see his careworn face and the hands which bore the stigmata. In 1228 he was canonized by Pope Gregory IX. And the remains of the gay Francesco, the pious St. Francis, now lie under the altar of the church dedicated to him, though no one knows the exact spot of his grave.

A Romance of the Isle of Man.

HORACE A. WILSON, '97.

Among the modern authors, perhaps none has attained a higher place in literature than Hall Caine. Springing rapidly into popular favor, he has now become one of our great novelists. His first efforts attracted little interest, but when "The Deemster" was published, the people awakened to the fact that he was a man who possessed no mean literary abilities.

In "The Deemster" is well displayed the force, passion and originality of Hall Caine's style. The plot is laid in the Isle of Man, the spot which he loves so well. This lends an additional interest to the story, for to its own charm is added the strange Manx scenes and quaint Manx characters. Told in a direct, simple, clear style, it contains many striking passages, beautiful descriptions and pathetic scenes. The pictures drawn throughout the book give evidence of a minute and faithful study of the Manx manners and customs.

In my opinion, Hall Caine takes high rank as a delineator of character. His characters are real men and women, each one possessing

a distinctive individuality. The reader has a good opportunity to study these different natures and traits since there are so many principal personages in "The Deemster." First and foremost of these are the brothers, Gilcrist and Thorkell. Throughout the entire book, how well has the author contrasted these two characters—one good, the other bad. In the beginning we see that Thorkell possesses a fiery, impetuous and crafty nature quite in contrast with the mild and simple disposition of his brother Gilcrist. The baseness of the man is made clear when, ambitious to become the sole master of Ballamona, he drives Gilcrist from their home. After he has become Deemster, another side of his character is shown, when he ascertains his brother's whereabouts, and appoints him bishop of the island. This act is commendable in itself; but, as Gilcrist well knew, it was not done through any love, but simply because Thorkell did not wish this high position to be occupied by anyone less near than his brother. As he said to his father-in-law: "Near is my shirt, but nearer is my skin." What a coarse, selfish nature this remark shows!

It is only after Gilcrist's appointment that we get an insight into his inner self. During the famine, which, shortly after, overspread the land, his dignity and his courage, his humility and his piety, became known to the Manxmen, who afterwards loved him as a master and a protector. Quite otherwise was he regarded by his brother. Throughout the rest of the story, Thorkell looked upon him with distrust and envy, sometimes amounting to fear and hatred; for well did the Deemster know that the bishop was considered "the strongest soul in the dark hour, the serenest saint in the hour of light and peace," while he himself was secretly detested by the very people over whom he ruled.

A man's true nature is well shown by his relations with his children. Surely, Thorkell had no parental feelings when this was his guiding maxim: "Let a father treat his children as the world will treat them when they have nothing but the world for their father." How strikingly are the homes of the two brothers contrasted! Ballamona, cold and gloomy—Bishop's Court musical with the laughter of little Ewan, Mona and Dan.

In the chapter entitled "The Cosy Nest at Bishop's Court," we see the gradual development and final separation of these three children who henceforth play so important a part in "The Deemster."

Thorkell's children, Ewan and Mona, were a

disappointment to him. Mona, who had grown from a slender, meek-eyed girl into a tall, fair-haired woman, was not beloved by him; while Ewan had falsified his every hope. Early evincing a desire to enter the Church, he had finally been admitted, and after his ordination was made chaplain of the household of Bishop's Court. After this, the Deemster lost all interest in him. His only remaining joy settled in the Bishop's son, Dan, a lad full of life and energy, the acknowledged athlete of the island. He it is who is the real hero of the story, and very powerfully has Hall Caine portrayed his character and actions. We see the strong, manly, quick-tempered youth drifting gradually from bad to worse, and finally casting in his lot with the fishermen, a course which his poor father strongly disapproved of, and which afterwards proved Dan's ruin. From this point, he seems to have lost all his former nobler qualities. He took to drink; and it was in a fit of intoxication that he struck Ewan, his foster-brother, the one who loved him even more than did Mona, his pure, noble-minded sister. The train of events that follow are tragic in the extreme, culminating in the terrible death-struggle on the Lockjaw. Then follows Dan's confession of the murder of Ewan, his subsequent escape, final surrender and trial.

The scene on Tynwald Hill is a very dramatic one. The feeble, broken-hearted bishop, still the Gilcrist of old, pronouncing sentence of banishment upon his only child, his human love struggling with his spiritual duty. It is a scene which cannot fail to move the reader, so real, so pathetic, is it.

Dan's account of his outcast state, cut off from all relations with men, is very interesting. The style resembles that of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," and some of the incidents strongly remind us of that famous castaway. His return to the island as the savior of his people from the sweating sickness is graphically described, as is also the death of Thorkell. The end of the Deemster is a sad one, while poor Dan, after suffering for many years, dies at the time when a new life is within his grasp,—the deemstership of the Isle of Man, the love of Mona, and the return to his home and father. As Hall Caine himself expresses it, "The Deemster" is a story of great love and of great suffering. From the quiet death of old Ewan to Dan's dying "Amen" the interest does not flag, but rather increases until we reach the pathetic death-scene in which the hero and the heroine join their prayers, before the throne of God.

Book Notes.

—Washington Irving, Daniel Defoe, George Eliot, Sir Walter Scott—these be great names in the history of English letters, and this grouping of four names that stand for schools so widely different, is an evidence of the catholicity of taste of George Rice Carpenter, the editor of "Longman's English Classics." Sir Walter's "Woodstock" is the latest issue in this series which seems destined to become the most popular of the many projected by different publishers to supply the need of classic works for supplementary reading and study in schools and colleges. Professor Bliss Perry, A. M., of Princeton, is the editor, and he contributes, too, an admirable introduction and helpful "Suggestions for Teachers."

"Woodstock" is one of Scott's minor works, but it is a representative romance of the prince of historical novelists, and the wisdom of its choice is obvious. It is only less great than "Kenilworth" and "Quentin Durward," less popular than "Ivanhoe" and "Waverley." Sir Walter had many faults; even his warmest partisans can find no excuse for his inability to paint character, his utter failure to catch the atmosphere of the periods he would portray. English history, as interpreted by him, is a thing far different from that of the historians; but no one will deny that the scenes he evolved from his mighty brain are even more interesting than the outline pictures of Lingard and Stubbs. And if he used the same background for all his characters, the richness and the beauty of it, is his best excuse. His enthusiasm and love for manliness and courage will make him ever dear to the hearts of men.

Professor Berry's notes are rather more elaborate than those of the preceding volumes, but there are none of them unnecessary. "Woodstock" is full of historical allusions, and the student who would read it understandingly without the aid of a commentator, must needs be an expert in the history of the time. It is always an ungrateful task, this bringing genius to book for trifling slips, and the editor winks at all but important ones. The publishers, Longmans, Green and Company, have given the book a worthy setting, and the quiet, grey-brown covers and broad pages are very pleasant to the eye.

—Among Catholic composers of sacred music J. Singenberger, of St. Francis, Wis., is probably the most regular and most notable contributor to Church music. Both his method and his manner are Cecilian. Hence in all his compositions there is united a simplicity of theme with a majesty of movement which makes them eminently appropriate for their purpose—to aid devotion and not to hinder it. His latest "Complete Vespers for the Feast of a Confessor and Bishop" is in his best and most characteristic vein.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, December 7, 1895.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR, NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Ind.

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<div style="display: flex; align-items: center;"> <div style="margin-right: 10px;"> JAMES BARRY, ANDREW SAMMON, JOHN F. FENNESSEY, </div> <div style="font-size: 3em; line-height: 1;">}</div> <div> <i>Reporters.</i> </div> </div>	

—The Staff has taken unto itself a resolution to make the next, the Christmas number of the SCHOLASTIC, a thing to be remembered through all the holidays. There will be poems and essays and stories and sketches by those of us who know best how to do them; and, because we think they deserve it, a picture of the Varsity of '95, by all odds the best football team that ever wore Notre Dame canvas. But that is another question,—and this a business notice. Know ye, then, who would buy copies of this holiday number of ours, that the wisest way is to order your SCHOLASTICS in advance, and rest secure in the certainty that your nickels and dimes—aye, and your pennies, if there be but a goodly number of them—will be legal tender. Two thousand copies of our '94 Christmas number were printed, and money will not buy one of that issue. Unless advance orders warrant an increase over that number, two thousand will be put forth this year. This, for the simple reason that the cost of making each paper will be but a little less than eight cents, and we want no eight-cent "back-numbers" on our hands. This SCHOLASTIC will be published on Thursday, the 19th, and we trust that none may find fault with our Christmas cheer.

President's Day.

Of all our college festivals at Notre Dame, none is celebrated with greater enthusiasm or more evident good will than St. Andrew's Day, the feast of our Reverend President. It is a beautiful old Catholic custom to commemorate the festival of the saint who is given as a patron to the child in Baptism, rather than the actual day of birth. Very often the two are the same; but the significance of the second, the real birthday of a Christian into the Kingdom of God, is so much greater, it is fraught with so many tender meanings, that the Catholic heart instinctively chooses it as the one to be remembered.

This is why we celebrate, each autumn, the two feasts of our college year, St. Edward's and St. Andrew's—the first the name-day of the Founder of Notre Dame, the patient, serene, prophetic genius, who dreamed great dreams and lived to see them fulfilled; the man who set the lasting impress of his faith and courage upon the University, who moulded its infancy, and whose spirit will live in it to the end; the other, St. Andrew's, the feast of our President, himself a type of the men to whom Father Sorin intrusted the continuance of his life-work—men worthy of the trust. Young hearts are not ungrateful, and the smallest Minim, the most unthinking Carroll, realizes that the debt of gratitude we owe to the Faculty can never be discharged. Other colleges have immense endowments—the splendid gifts of princely lovers of education—Notre Dame's only endowment is the faith and love and courage, the knowledge and the strength of the men who have given up all that they might follow Christ and teach His "little ones." Thoughtless or ungrateful we are not; and the exercises last Saturday in Washington Hall, were but the acknowledgment of our indebtedness, the expression of the sympathy we feel with the aims and aspirations of the head of the University and his co-laborers.

For last Saturday was St. Andrew's, and the four Halls united in doing honor to their common chief. To the St. Cecilians, in whom Father Morrissey has always taken a particular interest and whose President he was for many years, had been intrusted the major part of the programme, the play which is always a feature of the entertainment. They chose to bring out a romantic drama in two acts, "The Fatal Blow," and their acting was something of a revelation to their elder brothers of Brownson and Sorin.

These last two were represented by Mr. Richard Spalding Slevin, '96, who gave greeting in their name to Father Morrissey. Mr. Slevin's address was delivered with grace and feeling. And of his sincerity there could be no doubt; every tone rang true, and there was no hint of flattery in his periods.

"Very Rev. and dear Father Morrissey," he began, "Notre Dame is just entering upon the second half-century of her existence—a period which is as happy in prospect as the past has been fruitful in result. We look upon Notre Dame's past with pride and pleasure, and we look into her future with hope, because we have confidence in those to whom the University's welfare is confided; we have confidence in her Faculty; we have confidence in her President. We know what the former presidents of Notre Dame have been—men of true judgment, scholars, whose unpretentious worth cannot be over-estimated. The University at the end of her first fifty years was a testimony of this, and the University to-day is a proof that its President is a man whose success is worthy of his mind and his energy.

"And we, the students of Notre Dame, are assembled here to pay our respects to one whose exalted merit as a scholar and a gentleman we well appreciate. At the beginning of the scholastic year, he told us that his best wishes were with the students; to-day we assemble here to show that our best wishes are with him, and that we are willing and eager to co-operate with him in the noble work that he has undertaken. His success is our honor, and the success of Notre Dame is the glory of both.

"To enter upon any eulogy of our President would be but to express imperfectly what every student here must feel. We would, however, be allowed to mention his kindly sympathy and his enthusiastic interest in whatever could promote our happiness or welfare. For this we are grateful, and we assure him that one of the happiest recollections of our school-life at Notre Dame will ever be the remembrance of our great-hearted President. Father Morrissey, the students of Notre Dame extend to you their affectionate congratulations."

And the Minims! They have uncounted rights and privileges, and one of these is to read an address to the President on his feast-day. They disdain to speak as ordinary mortals, in plain prose, and each year Pegasus takes a Thanksgiving canter for their especial benefit. It may have been the snow, or the 'Varsity's victory on Thanksgiving Day, but, at any rate,

the "Princes" took all sorts of liberties with tradition, which says that their address shall always be philosophic and dignified, and their verses, this year, were almost familiar. Master W. Finnerty was the spokesman of St. Edward's, and here follows his address:

The Minims quite often, dear Father,
Have thought it decidedly queer,
To have the great day of Thanksgiving
Come always this time of the year;
When sudden we found out the reason,
Which makes it quite proper and clear.

The President, knowing the "Princes,"
Although he lives way in the East,
Thought to please us, for tho' we are little,
Of his friends we're by no means the least,
So he names for Thanksgiving the Thursday
That happens the nearest your feast.

And so, with young hearts truly grateful,
We come to present unto you,
Our greetings and hearty good wishes
From "Princes" to their title e'er true;
For royal in virtue we act just
As Notre Dame "Princes" should do.

We thank you sincerely, dear Father,
For the interest you take in our Hall;
And we know that you watch our proceedings
From class-work to games of football,
Just as much as if we were Brownsons,
And wore "Derby" hats and were tall.

We have only good wishes to offer,
Boys have nothing else, you must know,
But we haven't forgotten the best way
Our grateful affection to show;
For when we want any great favor,
To Mary, our Mother, we go.

We've asked her to bless you, dear Father,
And spare you for many long years,
And we've begged great St. Andrew to help you,
When trouble or danger e'er nears—
And if we were out on the campus,
We'd give you three hearty good cheers!

And then, when the curtain had gone down on the first part, and the Orchestra began the second overture, De Witt's "Roof Garden," there was much consulting of programmes and whispered comments on the part of the audience, which included many visitors from South Bend. The programmes themselves were very dainty and well-worthy of attention, and we copy one:

PROGRAMME—PART I.

- Overture—"El Menio".....*Satorius*
University Mandolin Orchestra.
- Address from the University Students, R. S. Slevin, '96.
- Greetings from the Minim Department { W. Finnerty
E. Elliott
D. Spillard
- Chorus—"Before the Sun Awakes the Morn"....*Goate*
University Philharmonic Club.
- Overture—"The Roof Garden".....*L. O. de Witt*
University Orchestra.

Between Act I. and II.
 Rubenstein's Melody in F..... *Air by Moses—Tobani*
 University Orchestra.

PART II.

"THE FATAL BLOW."

A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

(Presented by the St. Cecilians of Carroll Hall.)

Cast of Characters.

Ferdinand Miller, Government Contractor, F. Druiding
 Count Onislaus, proscribed, and under the name
 of Michael Goltz, Landlord of the Inn on
 the Danube..... T. Lowery
 Brune, his eldest son..... F. Cornell
 Hermann, his youngest son..... J. Fennessey
 Alexis, an adopted child of Michael Goltz..... J. Tuohy
 Nicholas Splittenblast, Magistrate and Ferry-
 master..... G. C. Burke
 Batzo Splittenblast, his Nephew, hostler, waiter,
 and general utility man at the Inn—A. Schoenbein
 Officer of the Government..... J. Naughton
 His Aids..... J. Walsh, A. Loomis
 Finale—Massachusetts Military March.... *Laurendeau*
 University Orchestra.

Behind the pictured Acropolis it was quite different. A dozen hearts beat faster as the call bell sounded and the Parthenon disappeared in the flies, for many of the St. Cecilians were new to the foot-lights, and the standard set by the society in previous years was very high. The performance was very satisfactory, smooth and even with not a hitch from start to finish, and the society is to be congratulated on the excellent showing it made. The play was the usual thing—a mystery, a murder, a suicide and a very evident moral. But we expect that sort of a thing on the college stage, and a melodrama without a good, effective murder scene would be very tame indeed.

Of the individual players, Master Druiding made a picturesque government contractor, and his reading of his lines was, perhaps, more dignified than might have been expected from a horse-trader. Master Lowery, a new man, did some intelligent work as Count Onislaus, a broken nobleman, whom the excesses of his sons had reduced to the keeping of an inn and the robbing of his customers. His love for Alexis, his adopted son, saves him, however, and he is, in the end, restored to his former rank and state. Master Tuohy is one of the Cecilians of whom we may expect great things in the years to come.

Frank Cornell is rather better in serio-comic than in tragic parts, but he played the villain with the utmost coolness, and his idea of Brune, the desperate young profligate, who has wrecked his life at the gaming table, was very near the right one. Master Schoenbein was irresistibly

funny as Batzo Splittenblast, the "general utility" of the Inn on the Danube. Of the other members of the company nothing but good can be said. Masters Burke and Fennessey deserve special mention. The mounting and the setting of the play were all that could be desired, and the St. Cecilians deserve all the pleasant things that were said of them.

It was President's Day and, naturally enough, the audience expected a word or two, when the curtain had fallen on the last tableau, from Father Morrissey. He did not deny them, and his earnest, simple words went straight to the hearts of his hearers. He thanked the students, the St. Cecilians and the visitors for the kindly feeling which had brought them there, and in the name of the Faculty he assured them that Notre Dame would go on as in the past, striving to attain the usefulness of the ideal University. He begged them to remember that the welfare of the individual was the aim of the University; that Notre Dame had a personal interest in every one of her students, and that her glory was theirs. He was deeply grateful, he said, for the consideration shown him by the St. Cecilians and his other friends, and he would long remember their kindness. His remarks were received with hearty applause, the best evidence, perhaps, of the warmth of the students' affection for him. *Ad multos annos!*

Exchanges.

The *College Index* has two well-written articles, one on philanthropy, showing how a mere coincidence may bring out the sympathy ever present in a man's heart, and change a cold course of life to one of helpfulness ever after; the other on remorse, showing from a different standpoint how the same human heart, though seemingly hardened beyond hope, has yet within it a thin cord that a touch of nature will soften till the whole heart yields and breaks. "Transformation" is a poem in the ordinary easy numbers, and is transfused with Christian hope and warning. The insuppressible "Lake Geneva" turns up again for the hundred-and-first time in our exchanges. Though we have never seen it, we know that lake by heart now, with its calm seclusion, many-colored tints and perfect adaptability for raising the heart to higher things in the month of July. There is no sneering here at the meetings of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.; for we believe that such meet-

ings, especially when held separately, are good and productive of good. But what we mean to say is this: that in the various accounts of these things there is an absence of statement as to what practical good was reached; as to what solid influence was exercised over the hearts of those present to strengthen them, as to what detailed plan of action was given to be followed till next July. Stirring exhortations will arouse to enthusiasm the young heart—especially the hearts of young women—yet, this mood will soon pass away, often even with the sound and display that aroused it, if not backed by what is more substantial—by serious, minute examination of the heart, by fixing on a definite, detailed plan of action, and by frequent, fervent prayer for help. To judge from what we have read, there were at these meetings only cold general addresses to raise the heart to God, a singing of hymns and a little prayer. *Vox et præterea nihil.*

* * *

The *Purdue Exponent* for November opens with an article that is meant to show the superiority of music over all the other fine arts. Here is a *résumé* of the essay:—The world is full of music, for there is wonderful harmony in all its parts. What power has music on the soul? (no answer yet, but a digression). The æsthetic within us seeks outward expression, hence architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry and music—the fine arts. The less of the material in art the better (here follows some mist). Architecture, the lowest of the fine arts, because it is the one most closely connected with matter; sculpture next, man being its subject; painting is still less connected with matter; poetry must be expressed in words; but music deals with something less palpable and is therefore higher. The other arts cannot exist without music. Music is natural in man, hear the Alpine shepherd-boy playing his fife, see the masses swayed by the tones of the orator's voice. Music has power to change our moods; is indicative of national character; may exist in common street cries; expresses different moods of the soul; dramas are turned into operas for music; power of music over soul; it raises the soul to God and unlocks the secrets of hearts. We have made this skeleton to show how loosely the thoughts hang together—the only defect in a very fine effort. In "A Character Sketch of Cleopatra," the selfishness of this woman is insisted on as the most noticeable trait in her character. The absence of right fundamental principles brought about her speedy ruin as it does the ruin of nations.

Personals.

—Miss Rose M. Fox and Miss Edna M. Reuss, of Fort Wayne, Ind., spent Thanksgiving with their brothers, of Brownson and Carroll Halls.

—Richard Halligan, LL. B., '95, is practising in the office of the Prosecuting Attorney of Union, Iowa. Dick's many friends wish him every success in his chosen profession.

—H. C. Pollock (student) is acting as special agent for the American Ball Nozzle Co. of New York City. His Western head-quarters are in the Marquette Building, Chicago.

—Among the Chicago visitors during the week were Mrs. Wells, who was visiting her son Charles, of Carroll Hall, and Mr. A. Sullivan visiting his brother Joseph, of Sorin Hall.

—Among the former students who spent Thanksgiving at their *Alma Mater* were Mr. Charles Cavanagh, A. B., '91; E. M. Schaack, B. S., '93, and Edme V. Chassaing, LL. B., '95.

—H. E. O'Neill (Com'l '93) is manager of a lumber and machine company at Storm Lake, Iowa. Harry's many friends at the University wish him success in his new sphere.

—Fred. W. Wile (student '90) was recently elected secretary of the newly organized Bankers' Athletic Club of Chicago. The club has a charter membership of 750, and it is an honor for so young a man as Mr. Wile to be elected its secretary.

—Mrs. J. P. Flynn, of Mexico, is visiting her sons at the University. It is not often that a resident of the land of flowers ventures into this climate in December; but we hope that the warm welcome she received will offset the effects of the inclement weather.

—Sunday last Mr. Ballard Smith, a former student, had the honor of presenting to the city of Paris, in the name of the donor, Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, a bronze group of statuary of Washington and Lafayette, the work of the famous sculptor Bartholdi. There was a notable assembly of distinguished persons present. The group was set up in one of the most fashionable parts of Paris.

—Charles C. Paquette, C. E., '91, and C. C. Fitzgerald, C. E., '94, were among our most welcome Thanksgiving guests. The former gentleman is chief engineer of the Peoria and Eastern RR., a division of the Big Four. He is an efficient engineer, and from all indications will soon be among the leading men in his profession. Mr. Fitzgerald is assistant engineer on another division of the same road. Owing to a press of business, the gentlemen were obliged to make their visit shorter than we wished, but we hope to see them both often in the future. The best wishes of the SCHOLASTIC is extended to them for even greater success than they have already achieved.

Local Items.

—Football on the third flat is prohibited.

—The boxing match was a decided success.

—FOUND—A pocket-knife. Owner, call at room 42, Sorin Hall.

—Found—A silver-plated nut-pick. Finder may recover it by applying at Students' Office.

—A dilapidated set of boxing gloves have been kept hot every evening this week in the Brownson gym.

—"Correct this sentence: 'Miss Jessie Smith of South Bend is among us,'" said the Professor of Rhetoric. "It should be, 'Miss Smith is *not* in our midst,'" said a bright Carroll.

—The December competitions will be held on Thursday and Friday, Dec. 19 and 20. Students will leave for the holidays on Saturday, the 21st. Classes will be resumed on Friday, January 3.

—"Say, Cynic, old man, did you see Miss Bell's article on men, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*? It says that we don't arrive at the age of reason until we reach thirty-five." "Humph! all bosh. New woman. Pooh!"

—What has become of our poser? Long and lovingly had we feasted our eyes on his elegant form and classic features; but he has gone, no one knows where, and our eyes hunger for a sight of him. Will he ever come back?

—Before the baseball season opens next spring, we are likely to see several good games of lacrosse. Mr. Sammon, during the holidays, will try to secure games with the two lacrosse clubs of Chicago and one of Detroit. These games will give an impetus to the sport. Lacrosse when rightly played is intensely interesting.

ENGLISH.—Dramatic poetry was the subject of Dr. O'Malley's lectures to the Criticism class during the week. The subjects for the Christmas essays have been given out, and Dr. O'Malley hopes that each member of the class will write something worthy of the SCHOLASTIC. He lectured to the Literature class also on the same subject.

—The Christmas *Donahoe's* has an illustrated article on "Dramatics in Catholic Colleges." The part relating to Notre Dame was written by Mr. Joseph A. Marmon, ex-manager of the University Stock Company. It contains three pictures showing the exterior view of Washington Hall, a portion of the interior and the Stock Company. Mr. Marmon's contribution contains food for thought.

—The hand-ball association for '95-'96 was organized last Saturday evening, with the following result: Promoter, Bro. Hilarion; President, N. Gibson; Vice-President, B. Tinnin; Treasurer and Assistant Treasurer, R. Brown and A. Hanhauser; Secretaries, M. Daley and W. McCarthy; Umpire, J. Ducey; Referee, B. Monahan; Bouncer, A. Chase; Reporter, J. Dowd; Cor-

responding Secretary and Manager, R. Monahan and W. Hindle.

—It is time for the Athletic Association to choose a manager and name a captain for the baseball team. Robert Browne is probably the best man to be placed at the head of the nine. He is a good player, is the only member here of last year's nine, and has the additional recommendations of possessing the confidence of everyone and of doing more than he says. It is to be hoped that the association will drop the Executive Committee. This special organization does no good, and is a drag upon our athletics. Moreover, the election of the Committee stirs up a bad feeling between Sorin and Brownson Halls. Let the committee be put upon the rolls of ancient memories.

—The next issue of the SCHOLASTIC, which will appear on the 19th inst., will be a special Christmas number. The Staff have been hard at work on their contributions, which include a number of clever essays, bright sketches, stories and poems. Although we have not been able to devote to our work all the attention we desired, on account of the approaching competitions, we nevertheless feel that our Christmas number will represent our best work. A large picture of the Varsity eleven, elegantly printed on heavy plate paper, together with a sketch of the players, will be a feature of this special number. Copies may be had at the Students' Office at ten cents each. Regular subscribers will receive the Christmas number without extra charge. The price of the picture alone will be five cents. Those desiring several copies would do well to send in their orders at once.

—The following short story was told the other day at dinner to a few students in the Brownson refectory: "There was once a very fat cormorant, whose wings when extended covered a truly large portion of space. His crest was of the most beautiful black and was covered by long, silky hair—but that has nothing to do with the story. As has been said, this cormorant had very wide wings, and when he ate, which he always did in company, he had the habit of stretching out his wings, to the discomfort of his neighbors, who could only get within seeing distance of the food. By and by, the two little cormorants, who were always perched on either side of their large brother, began to pity each other, and consulted as to the best means of getting near the grub. They, accordingly, before the next meal, placed between them a high perch, somewhat like the high chair used by the young of human beings when they begin to chew, and this perch they invited their brother to occupy. This he did complacently, and the meal went on to the satisfaction of all the cormorants concerned until"—(*To be continued*).

—Our box has been stuffed by correspondents, who have submitted all sorts of questions for answer. We have disposed of several hun-

dreds, but the following are beyond us. We print them with the hope, that some who are better versed may satisfy "anxious inquirers."

- Why doesn't *Das Kind* grow?
- Why do our football teams talk so much when playing?
- Why wasn't New Year's separated from Christmas by four weeks?
- Who has lately seen the policeman at St. Mary's?
- What is meant by detentions?
- When will our football manager receive credit for his work?
- Why do our football players act as children and "get mad" when criticised?
- When will the stage extension be built to Washington hall?
- Why isn't the SCHOLASTIC in the hands of every student?
- When will Rube issue an edition of his "pomes"?
- Why did McNichols and McCorry play with the Minims?
- What has become of the stile in song and story?
- Why does the gentleman who always misses a billiard try to account for that misfortune?
- Why does Boru become excited when playing pinochle?
- Who are writing college songs?
- Why do Sorin Hall men throw snowballs and spill water from the windows?
- How do certain persons know more about running the eleven than the captain and the manager?
- Where is the enthusiasm that should be found in the Class of '96?
- Why do certain persons skive?
- Why can't Si be allowed to live in peace?
- Who has given up smoking cigarettes?
- Who receives scented letters?

SOCIETY NOTES.

PHILODEMICS.—The meeting of the Philodemics, on last Wednesday evening, although marked by a small attendance, was, nevertheless, a thoroughly enjoyable one. The evening was given to the late Eugene Field. A well-written biographical sketch of the poet was given by Mr. E. Brennan. Mr. R. Slevin deserves special commendation for the carefully-prepared and well-written criticism he gave of Mr. Field. Mr. A. Mulberger read "Little Boy Blue" and other poems, and several other selections were read by Messrs. D. P. and E. J. Murphy. After this the meetings of the society will be held in the Sorin Hall reading-room, and a pleasant evening may always be expected.

ST. CECILIANS.—A regular meeting of the St. Cecilians was held last Wednesday evening. By some mistake no programme had been prepared. Instead, an impromptu debate was held on the question: "Should snow-balling be abolished?" Messrs. Burke and Schoenbein spoke for the negative, and Messrs. Burns and Fennessey for the affirmative. After a thorough examination of the points presented, the judges decided that the debate had been won by the affirmative. The following programme was then decided on for the next meeting:—Messrs. Tuohy and Pendleton, mandolin duet; J. B. Naughton, a declamation; J. Shields, a reading; T. A. Lowery, a declamation; J. Sanders, an essay; R. Franey, a reading; F. Druiding, a declamation; J. Fennessey, recital of an original story, and F. Cornell a declamation.

TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—The second regular meeting of the Total Abstinence Society was

held Dec. 1st, Reverend Father Burns presiding. After a few preliminary observations on the encouraging number of members present, the duties of the hour were discussed. A committee was appointed for the purpose of procuring a suitable pin or button, so that the individual members of the society might be recognized, displaying their color and belief. Mr. McGinnis favored the society with an essay on temperance; Mr. Corr tendered a declamation, "Shipwrecked," which was favorably received. A few stirring incidents, relative to the cause of temperance, were then proposed to the consideration of the members, by the Reverend President, and his remarks were appreciated. Eight new members were enrolled in the cause, taking the pledge, so that the society now has a few Sorin Hall advocates. Rev. Father Burns, deciding that the society should have a student act as its President, withdrew from the office, assuming that of director. The nominees for the vacant office were D. Murphy and J. Barry. The vote decided in favor of the latter, after which the meeting adjourned.—A meeting of the Carroll branch will be held, December 8.

—**FOOTBALL.**—From the apparent difference between this column and the editorials, when speaking of football, some people jumped at the conclusion that the manager was responsible for the football notes in these "Local" columns. Now Mr. McManus neither wrote a line of the notes, nor did he ever attempt to dictate the policy of these columns. We take to ourselves all the unfavorable criticism passed upon our utterances, and that reckless baying at the moon in which the know-alls were wont to indulge. We told the truth on all occasions, and by so doing gave mortal offence. We regret that some people can't bear the truth.—In his capacity as manager, Mr. McManus always looked to the interests of football lovers here. That he could not secure more games, nor a coach earlier in the year, is no fault of his. The captain refused to compete against other teams until his men were coached, and the financial condition of the Athletic Association did not warrant the manager's hiring Dygert, or the others who wanted a mine of money. He made several attempts to get good men, even taking the trouble to go to Chicago to seek them. He did more than enough when he got Hadden. Mr. McManus, in the discharge of his duties, has been hampered and harassed more than it would be good to tell. Throughout it all, he has borne himself a gentleman and a business-man. He retires from the management with the kindest feelings of all who have outgrown their kilts.—The outlook for a good eleven next year is brighter than we thought. Nine of the old men will certainly return; two are in doubt—Brown and Murphy. Both will be missed, though there are capable substitutes to fill their places. With a team made up of a majority of veteran players, backed by

first-class substitutes we should meet the best elevens in the West.—It is the fate of men in the line to receive little or no praise for their work. Unless they are called to take the ball, they are not noticed by the average spectator or reporter. Ofttimes they are the ones who really do the playing, certainly they are called upon for more scientific work than the backs. We have never seen Gallagher's work at centre mentioned in the reports, and yet his playing has been first-class. The centre for Indianapolis said that he never played against a better man. This was high praise; for the centre of the Indianapolis team is a veteran, with records in the East and West. "Very few men would have submitted with the same cheerfulness to the treatment which Gallagher received. Reduced from the Varsity to act as sub, he was seldom absent from practice, and was always found on the side lines ready to enter the game, but just as willing to give place to others; eager only that Notre Dame should win. And Rosenthal was not one whit less enthusiastic. With men of this stamp, the Gold and Blue must fly at the peak.—Notwithstanding the criticisms heaped upon Casey, his judges must acknowledge that his work at guard was the best. His playing may not have been as brilliant as it was last year, but it had more evenness, and was consequently more effective.—Last week's report of the game contained no mention of Goeke's line-bucking in the first half. This was a strange oversight on the part of the reporters. It was Goeke who was sent against the opposing line the oftenest and who always made substantial gains. As a line-bucker, Goeke has few equals in the Varsity. He rips up the opposing line like a buzz-saw, and weakens it terribly by his onslaughts. His powers of endurance are wonderful.—The manager for next year's eleven has not been chosen. The Athletic Association has gone on a Rip Van Winkle snooze, and will awake next September to the realization that we have no schedule and little hope of making one.—The Fort Wayne team played St. Joseph's Hall last Saturday afternoon. They were defeated by a score of 10 to 0. The talk, which usually characterizes their games, was not wanting. These elevens should take to the woods when playing. The St. Joseph Hall men are constantly quarrelling amongst themselves and disputing every decision of the umpire. They had better disband, or play *solitaire*.—The ex-Carrolls lined up against the "Hardly-Ables" on the 1st. The game was an interesting one, though it was marred by frequent patches of lengthy gabble. The "Hardly-Ables" put up a strong game in the first half, and kept the ex-Carrolls from scoring. They themselves scored a touch-down. In the second half the training of the ex-Carrolls told, and they pushed the ball over the line twice, but failed to kick goal.—In a game between two scrub teams—Cornell's was defeated by Naughton's. Score, 6 to 4.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barton, Barry, Brennan, Barrett, Bennett, Burris, Bryan, Costello, Cavanaugh, Eyanson, Gaukler, Lantry, Mulberger, Marmon, J. Murphy, E. Murphy, Mott, Miller, McKee, McDonough, Palmer, Pulskamp, Prichard, Reilly, Reardon, Rosenthal, Sullivan, Slevin, Steele, Stace, Weaver, Wilson.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Anderson, Armijo, Atherton, Barber, Byrne, Britz, Barry, Ball, Brinker, R. Browne, J. W. Browne, Burke, Blackman, E. Campbell, M. Campbell, Chase, Crilly, John Corby, J. E. Corby, Clendenin, C. Cullen, Crane, Confer, B. Daly, Delaney, Ducey, M. Daly, Dowd, Duperier, Eyanson, Forbing, Foulks, Follen, Fitzpatrick, Flannigan, Fox, Fehr, Farrell, Fitzgerald, Gibson, Gilmartin, Geoghegan, Golden, Galen, F. Hesse, Hagerty, Hayes, Healy, Hoban, G. Hanhauser, Harrison, A. Hanhauser, Haley, Hierholzer, Hennebry, Howell, Hindel, Hengen, J. Hesse, Kegler, J. Kelley, E. Kelly, Krug, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Konzen, Kirwin, Land, Minge, Mattingly, Medley, H. Miller, Ill., Mathewson, Murphy, R. Monahan, B. Monahan, Maurus, Murray, Meyers, McGinnis, McCarty, McCarrick, McHugh, McKenzie, McDonald, McCormack, Niezer, Nevius, Naughton, R. O'Malley, W. O'Brien, T. O'Brien, J. O'Brien, R. Putnam, Pietrzykowski, J. Putnam, Piquette, Pulskamp, Phelps, Pim, Quinn, G. Ryan, T. Ryan, Rowan, Regan, Sammon, San Roman, Smith, Schemerhorn, Strauss, Speake, Steiner, Sanders, S. Spalding, R. Spalding, Sheehan, Schultz, Stuhlfauth, Smoger, Tabor, Tracy, Tinnen, Tuhey, Tuttle, Thiele, Wurzer, Walsh, Wallace, Wilson, Wigg, Ward, Wagner, Wensinger.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Beardslee, Brown, W. Berry, Burns, G. Burke, E. Burke, Curry, Cottin, Crowds, Cave, Cuneo, Coquillard, Curtis, Crepeau, Darst, Devine, Dugas, Din-
nen, Druiding, Erhart, Franey, Furher, Flynn, Fennessey, Goldsmith, Gainer, Garza, Gonzalez, Hermann, E. Hake, L. Hake, Hanley, Hunt, Hayes, Hoban, Howard, Jelonak, Jonquet, Keeffe, Kay, J. Kuntz, P. Kuntz, C. Kuntz, Krug, Klein, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, Kirk, Koehler, Landers, Lovett, Leach, Lichtenwalter, Lowery, Land, Long, Leonard, Loomis, Meagher, Moss, Mohn, Monahan, Monarch, Merz, McNamara, McElroy, McKinney, W. McNichols, F. McNichols, McCorry, Noonan, J. Naughton, O'Brien, Plunkett, Pendleton, Page, Quandt, Rasche, E. Regan, P. Regan, W. Ryan, A. Ryan, Reuss, Reinhard, Shipp, Shiels, Smith, Stearns, Scott, Schoenbein, Sum-
mers, Shillington, Sheekey, W. Scherrer, Spillard, Szybo-
wicz, Schaack, Thams, Tescher, Taylor, Tuohy, Walsh, Watterson, Wimberg, R. Weitzel, H. Weitzel, Wilson, Ward, Wells, Welker, Zehnle.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Abrahams, Allyn, Bloom, Bullene, Bullen, F. Brissenden, R. Brissenden, Bergeron, Breslin, C. Bode, F. Bode, Cottin, Cotter, Campbell, Catchpole, Cressey, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, Coquillard, G. Davis, B. Davis, Davidson, Dugas, Elliott, Ehrlich, Fitzgerald, Finnerty, Fetter, A. Flynn, M. Flynn, M. Garrity, E. Garrity, Goff, Giffin, Hart, Hubbard, Hammer, Hall, B. Hess, R. Hess, F. Hess, Jonquet, C. Kelly, L. Kelly, Kasper, Kopf, Law-
ton, Lovell, Morehouse, Moxley, McIntyre, Marshall, Manion, P. McBride, L. McBride, J. McBride, Martin, Maher, O'Loughlin, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Pyle, Plunkett, Polk, Paul, Phillips, G. Quertimont, Quinlan, E. Quertimont, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, Sontag, Spillard, Sexton, Swan, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, F. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, Welsh, G. Weidman, F. Weidman, Weidner, Waite, McMaster, K. Giffin.

